

*Deuteromelia:*

O R.

The Second part of  
Musicks melodie, or  
melodius Musicke.

O F

Pleasant Roundelaies;

*K. H. mirth*, or  
Freemens Songs.

A N D

such delightfull Catches.

*Qui canere potest canat.*  
Catch, that catch can.

*Vt Mel Os,*  
*sic Cor melos*  
*afficit,*  
○  
*resicit.*

LONDON:

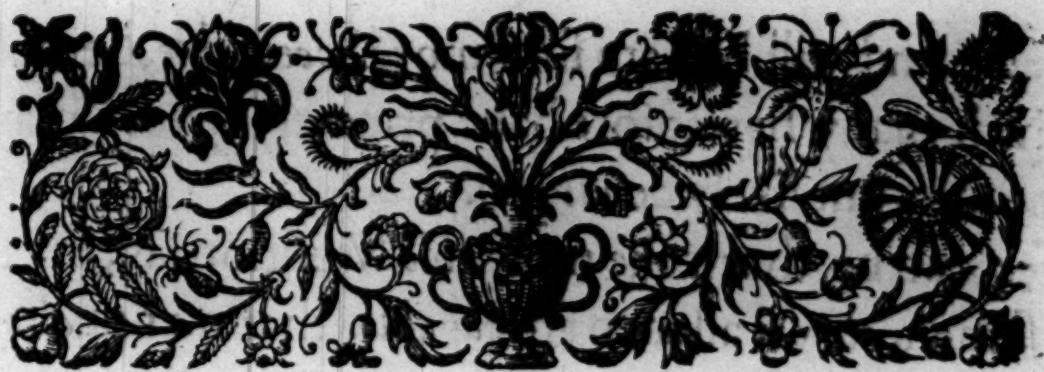
Printed for *Thomas Adams*, dwelling in  
Paules Church-yard at the signe  
of the white Lion. 1609.



also 478323







*Mirth and Musicke to the Cunning-catcher,  
Dertb and Physicke to the Cony-catcher.*



*Secundæ cogitationes* are euer ( they say ) *meliores*; and why may not then *secundæ Cantiones* be as well *dulciores*? I presume they are so, and that makes me resume this vaine, with hope that I shall not consume in vaine my labour herein.

For first, the kinde acceptation of the former *Impression* is as a new invitation to this latter *Edition*, though not of the same things, yet of things of the same condition; full of the same delectation, made to please, as the other were; to please I say, and that with as much ease, as the other; made truely Musically with Art by my correction, and yet plaine, and capable with ease, by my direction.

Againe, *Bonum quò communius è melius*, we know; and I know no reason, why *iucundum, quò communius*, should not be as well *iucundius*: Now then the nature of these ( call them as you will ) in regard of their facilitie and so their capabilitie is more communicable, then any other kinde of Musicke, and in this respect more



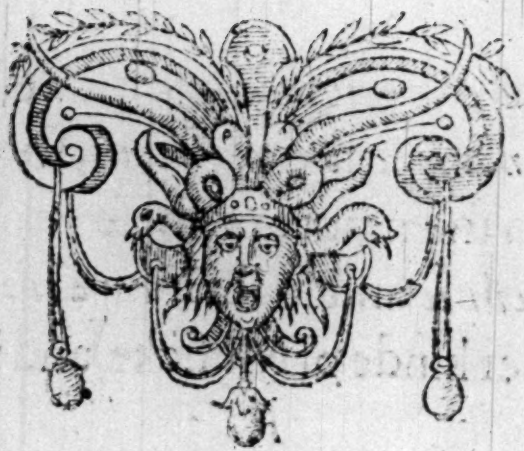
## To the Reader.

commendable; and will be I am sure more acceptable, because the things which many heretofore haue priuately ioyed in, may now by this meanes, publikely be inioyed.

Neither, can he, that is the most able Musition say, but that of these most men, almost all men are capable, that are not altogether immusical: Neither can He, that is most spitefull say, but they are very delighfull, I, and some way gainfull too; (yet more painefull to me, I am sure, then gainefull.) But, though there bee but little to bee gotten by them, yet pittie were it, such Mirth should be forgotten of vs; And therefore to make an end, I say no more but ——— *Siquid nouisti dulcius istis.* —

*Candidus imperti; si non, hijs vtere mecum, either commend me, or come and mend me, and so I end me, as resolute as thou art dissolute.*

Thine T. R.











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F I N I S.



# Freemens Songs of 2. Voices.

59.



S it fell on a holy day, ij.



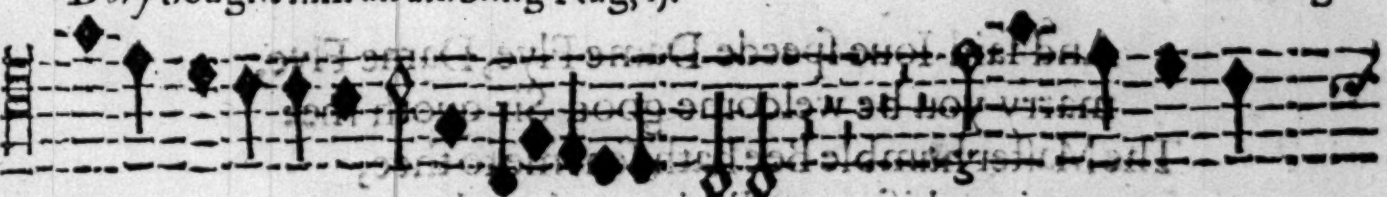
holy day, and vpon an holy tide a, ij.

tide a: *John*



*Dory* bought him an ambling Nag, ij.

ambling



Nag to *Paris* for to ride a. |||

ride a. And when :

2 And when *John Dory* to *Paris* was come, :|||  
a little before the gate a : |||  
*John Dory* was fitted, the porter was witted, :|||  
to let him in thereat a : |||

3 The first man that *John Dory* did meet, :|||  
was good King *John* of *France* a : |||  
*John Dory* could well of his countene, :|||  
but fell downe in a trance a. :|||

4 A pardon, a pardon my Liege & my king, :|||  
for my merie men and for me, :|||  
And all the Churles in merie England, :|||  
Ile bring them all bound to thee a. :|||

5 And *Nicholl* was then a Cornish man, :|||  
a little beside *Bohyde* a : |||  
And he mande forth a good blacke Barke, :|||  
with fiftie good oares on a side a. :|||

6 Run vp my Boy into the maine top, :|||  
and looke what thou canst spie a : |||  
Who, ho; who, ho; a goodly ship I do see, :|||  
I trow it be *John Dory*. :|||

7 They hoist their Sailes both top and top, :|||  
the merline and all was tride a : |||  
And every man stood to his lot, :|||  
what euer should betide a. :|||

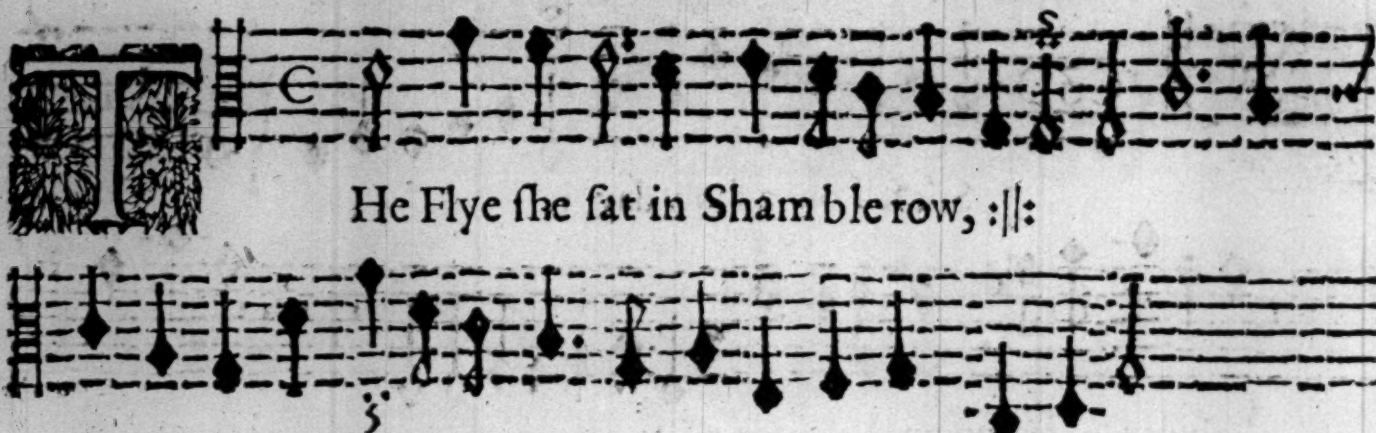
8 The roring Cannons then were plide, :|||  
and all the drumme a : |||  
The blaying Trumpets lowde they cride, :|||  
to courage both all and some a. :|||

9 The grapling hooks were brought at length, :|||  
the browne bill and the sword a : |||  
*John Dory* at length, for all his strength, :|||  
was clapt fast vnder board a. :|||

B



# Freemens Songs of 3. Voices.



He Flye she fat in Shamble row, :||:

And shambled with, :||: her heeles I trow.

And then came in fir Cranion,  
with legs so long and many a one.

2 And said Ioue speede Dame Flye, Dame Flye,  
marry you be welcome good Sir quoth she:  
The Master humble Bee hath sent me to thee,  
to wit and if you will his true loue be.

3 But shee said nay, that may not be,  
for I must haue the Butterflye:  
For and a greater Lord there may not be.  
But at the last consent did shee.

4 And there was bid to this wedding,  
all Flyes in the field and Wormes creeping:  
The Snail she came crawling all ouer the plaine,  
with all her ioly trinckets at her traine.

5 Tenne Bees there came all clad in Gold.  
and all the rest did them behold:  
But the Thonbud refused this sight to see.  
and to a Cow-plat away flies shee.



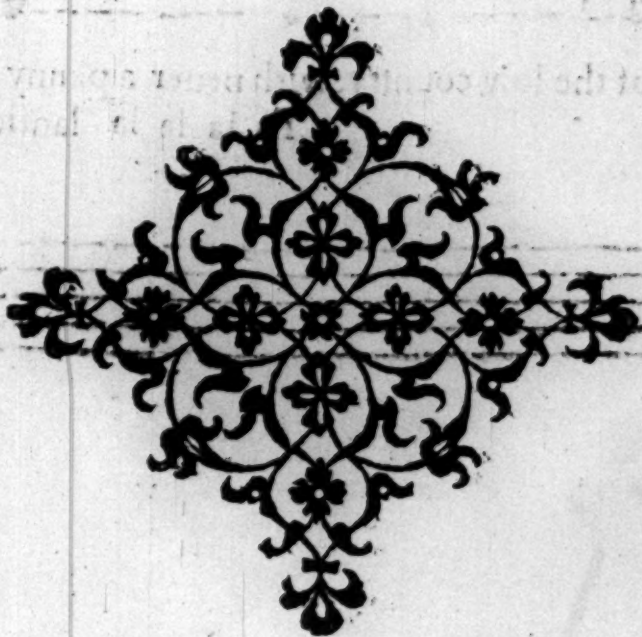
# Freemens Songs of 3. Voices.

6 But where now shall this wedding be?  
for and hey nonny no in an old lue tree:  
And where now shall we bake our bread?  
for and hey nonny no in an old horse head.

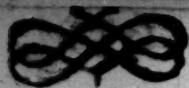
7 And where now shall wee brew our Ale?  
but euen within one Walnut shale:  
And also where shall we our dinner make,  
but euen vpon a galde Horse backe.

8 For there wee shall haue good companie,  
with humbling and bumbling and much melody:  
When ended was this wedding day  
the Bee hee tooke his flye away.

9 And laid her downe vpon the Marsh,  
betweene one Marigold and one long grasse:  
And there they begot good master Gnat,  
and made him the heire of all, that's flat.







3

# Peermens Songs of 3. Voices.

TREBLE.



Ec be Souldiers three, *Pardona moy ie vous an pree,*



Lately come forth of the low country, with neuer a penny of mony.  
*Fa la la la lantido dilly.*



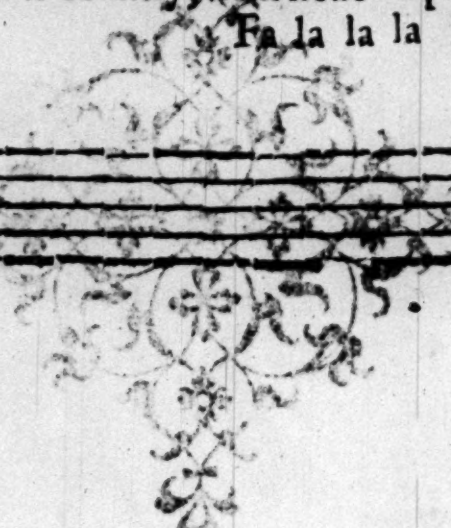
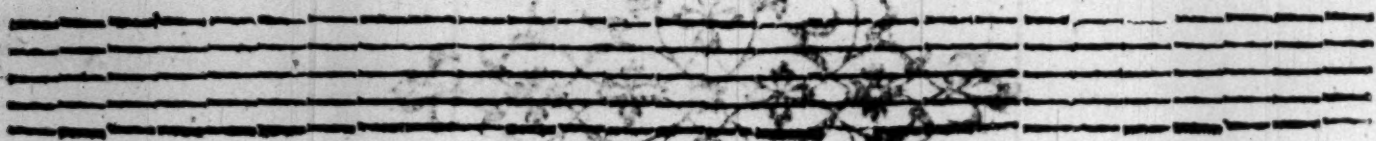
TENOR.



Ec be Souldiers three, *Pardona moy ie vous an pree,*



Lately come forth of the low country, with neuer a penny of mony.  
*Fa la la la lantido dilly.*





# Freemens Songs of 3. Voices.

## BASSVS.

63.



Ee be Souldiers three, *Pardona moy ie vous an pree,*



Lately come forth of the low country, with neuer a penny of mony.  
Fa la la la lantido dilly.

2 Here Good fellow I drinke to thee,  
*Pardona moy ie vous an pree :*  
To all good Fellowes where euer they be,  
with neuer a penny of mony.

3 And he that will not pledge me this,  
*Pardona moy ie vous an pree :*  
Payes for the shot what euer it is,  
with neuer a penny of mony.

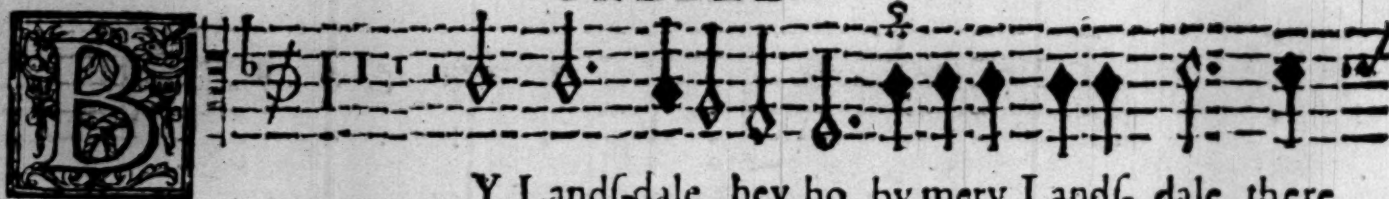
4 Charge it againe boy, charge it againe,  
*Pardona moy ie vous an pree :*  
As long as there is any incke in thy pen  
with neuer a penny of mony.





## Freemens Songs of 3. Voices.

## TREBLE.



Y Landf-dale hey ho, by mery Landf- dale, there



dwelt a iolly Miller, and a very good old man was hee, was he, hey, ho:



he had, he had, and a sonne a. he had, he had and a sonne.

## TENOR.



Y Landf-dale hey ho, by mery Landf-dale hey ho, was he,



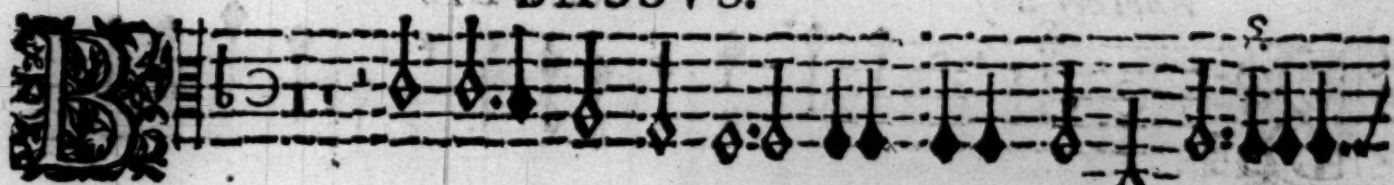
hey ho, he had, he had and a sonne a. :||:



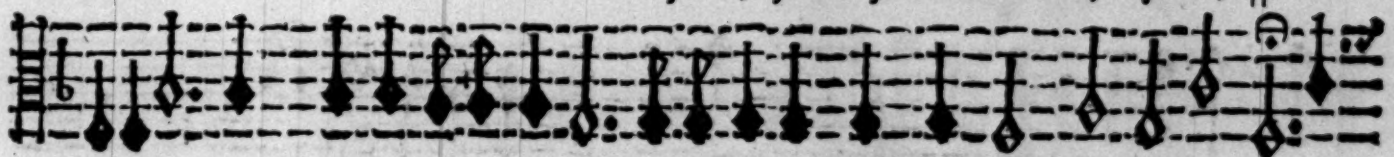
# Freemens Songs of 3. Voices.

4

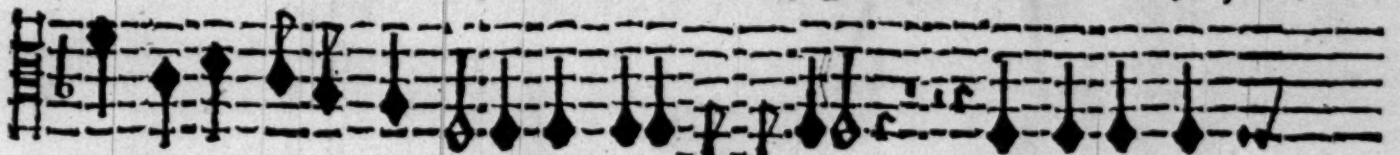
BASSVS.



Y Landf-dale hey ho, by mery Landf-dale, hey ho, :||:



there dwelt a iolly miller, and a very good old man was he, hey ho, he



had, he had and a sonne a, he had, :||:

he had, he had :

- 2 He had, he had and a sonne a, :||:  
men called him *Renold*,  
and mickle of his might was he, was he, hey ho.
- 3 And from his father a wode a, :||:  
his fortune for to seeke,  
from mery Landfdale wode he, wode he, hey ho.
- 4 His father would him seeke a, :||:  
and found him fast a sleepe.  
among the leaues greene was he, was he, hey ho.
- 5 He tooke, he tooke him vp a, :||:  
all by the lilly white hand,  
and set him on his feet, and bad him stand, hey ho.
- 6 He gaue to him a benbow, :||:  
made all of a trusty tree,  
and Arrowes in his hand and bad him let them flee.
- 7 And shoote was that that a did a, :||:  
some say he shot a mile,  
but halfe a mile and more was it was it, hey ho.
- 8 And at the halfe miles end, :||:  
there stood an armed man,  
this childe he shot him through, and through, and through, hey hoy.
- 9 His beard was all on a white a, :||:  
as white as Whale is bone,  
his eyes they were as cleare, as Christall stone, hey ho.
- 10 And there of him they made :||:  
goodyeoman *Robin hood*,  
*Scarlet*, and little *Iohn*, and little *Iohn*, hey ho.



# Freemens. Songs to 2. Voices.

*Another way*

TREBLE.



Y Landsdale, &c.



TENOR.



Y Landsdale, &c.



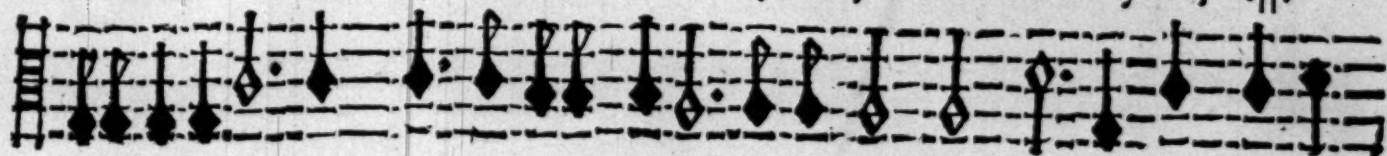


# Freemens Songs of 3. Voices.

BASSVS.



Y Landsdale hey ho, by mery Landf-dale hey ho, :||:



there dwelt a iolly Miller, and a good old man was he, was he,



hey ho: he had, he had and a sonne a.. :||:

- 2 He had, he had and a sonne a, :||:  
men called him *Renold*,  
and mickle of his might was he, was he, hey ho.
- 3 And from his father a wode a, :||:  
his fortune for to seeke,  
from mery Landsdale wode he, wode he, hey ho.
- 4 His father would him seeke a, :||:  
and found him fast a sleepe.  
among the leaues greene was he, was he, hey ho.
- 5 He tooke, he tooke him vp a, :||:  
all by the lilly white hand,  
and set him on his feet, and bad him stand, hey ho.
- 6 He gaue to him a benbow, :||:  
made all of a trusty tree,  
and Arrowes in his hand and bad him let them flee.
- 7 And shoote was that that a did a, :||:  
some say he shot a mile,  
but halfe a mile and more was it was it, hey ho.
- 8 And at the halfe miles end, :||:  
there stood an armed man,  
this childe he shot him through, and through, and through, hey hoy.
- 9 His beard was all on a white a, :||:  
as white as Whale is bone,  
his eyes they were as cleare, as Christall stone, hey ho.
- 10 And there of him they made :||:  
good yeoman *Robin hood*,  
*Scarlet*, and little *Iohn*, and little *Iohn*, hey ho.

C



# Freemens Songs of 3. Voices.



## TREBLE.



Ee be three poore Mariners, newly come from the seas,



Wee spend our liues in ieopardy, whiles others liue at ease: Shall we goe



dauncethe round, the round, the round, and shall we goe daunce the round? :||:



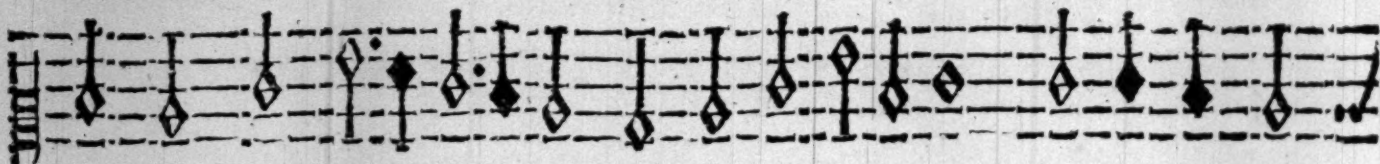
and he that is a bully boy, come pledge me on the ground. :||:



## TENOR.



Ee be three poore Mariners, newly come from the seas,



We spend our liues in ieopardy, whiles others liue at ease: Shall we goe daunce



the round? :||:

and shall we goe daunce the round?

And

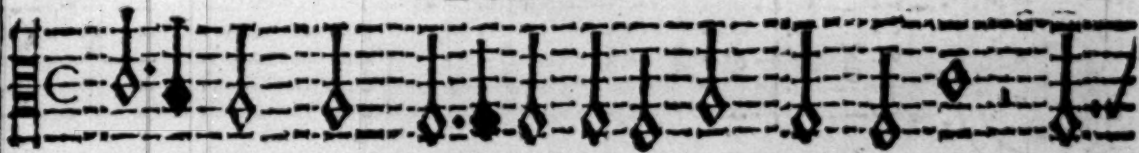


he that is a bully boy, come pledge me on the ground. :||:



# Freemens Songs of 3. Voices.

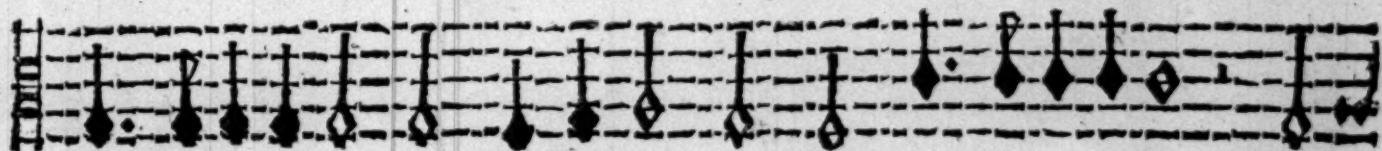
## BASSVS



Ee be three poore Mariners, newly come from the seas, We



spend our liues in ieopardy, whiles other liue at ease. Shall we goe daunce the



round: ||:

and shall we goe daunce the round: ||:

And



he that is a bully boy, come pledge me on the ground. : ||:

2 We care not for those martiall men,  
that doe our states disdaine :  
But we care for those Marchant men,  
which doe our states maintaine.

3 To them we daunce this round, a round : ||  
to them we dance this round :  
And he that is a bully boy,  
come pledge me on the ground.



## Freemens Songs of 3. Voices.

## TREBLE.



F all the birds that e-uer I see, the Owle is the fayrest  
For all the day long she sits in a tree, and when the night comes



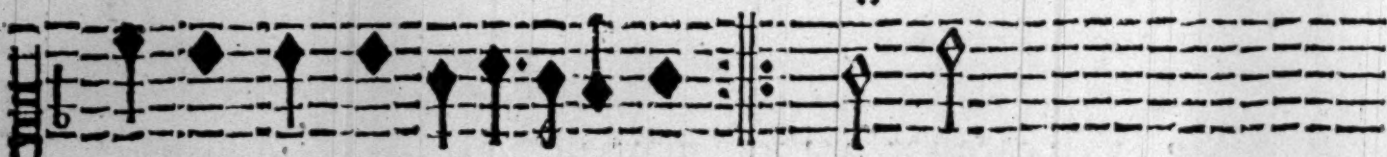
in her de-gree, Te whow, fir knaue to thou, this song is well sung,  
away flies she,



I make you a vow, and he is a knaue that drinketh now. Nose, nose, nose,



nose, and who gaue thee that iolly red nose? Nutmegs and cloues,



and that gaue thee thy iolly red nose. Nose, nose :

## TENOR.



F all the birds that e-uer I see, the Owle is the fayrest  
For all the day long she sits in a tree, and when the night comes



in her de-gree, Te whit, to whom drinks thou. this song is  
a-way flies she,



# Freemens Songs of 3. Voices.

71.



well sung, I make you a vow, and he is a knave that drinketh now, Nose,



nose, nose, nose, and who gave mee this iolly red nose? Sinamont, & Ginger,



Nutmegs and Cloves, and that gave me my iolly red nose. Nose, nose :

BASSVS.

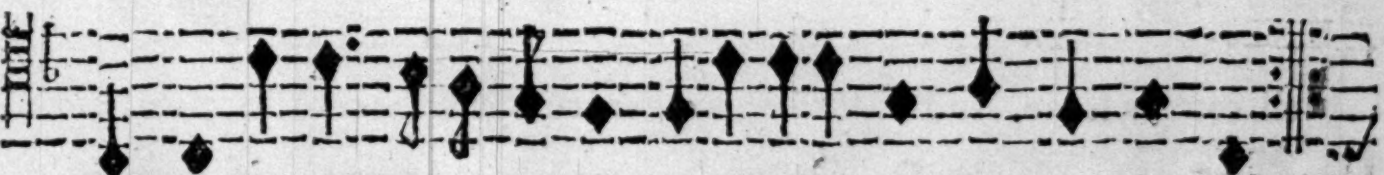


For all the Birds that ever I see, the Owle is the fay. rest  
For all the day long she sits in a tree, and when the night comes



in her degree. Te whit te whow, :||:  
away flies she.

this song is



well song I make you a vow, and hee is a knave that drinketh now.



Nose, Nose, Nose, nose, and who gave thee that iolly red Nose?



Nutmegs and cloves, and that gave thee thy iolly red Nose. Nose,

Here endeth the Freemens Songs.

C 3



## Rounds or Catches of 3. Voices.

L



Ord heare the poore that cry, the which doe live in paine



and miserie, Sonne of God shew some pittie.

B



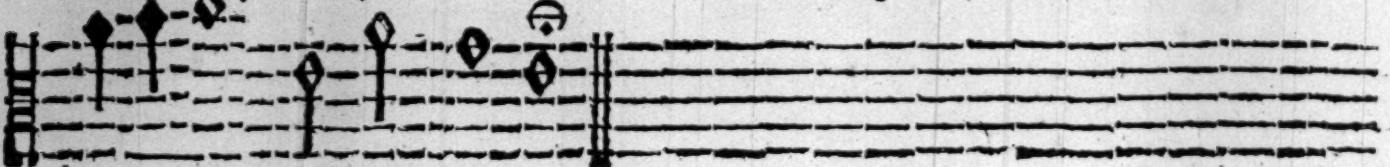
Rowning Madame, browning Madame, so merrily wee sing



browning Madame, The fayrest flower in garden Greene, is in my lous breast



full comely seene, And with all others compare she can, therefore now

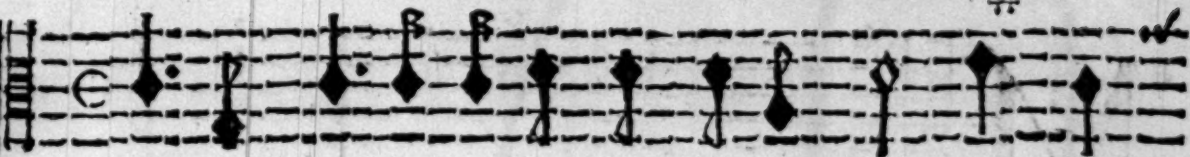


let vs sing Browning Madame.

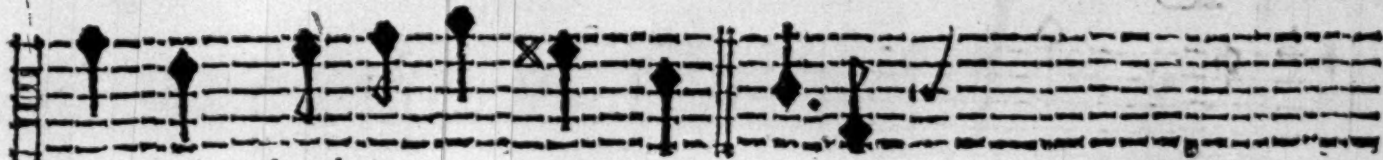


# Rounds or Catches of 3. Voices.

10



Olde thy peace, and I pree thee hold thy peace thou knaue,



third.

second.

thou knaue : hold thy peace thou knaue.

II



Lad am I, glad am I, my mother is gone to Henly, shut



the doore and spare not, doe thy worst I care not. If I dye vpon the same,



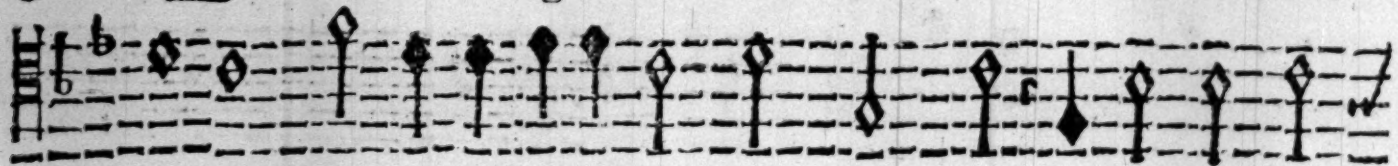
bury, bury, bury me a gods name.



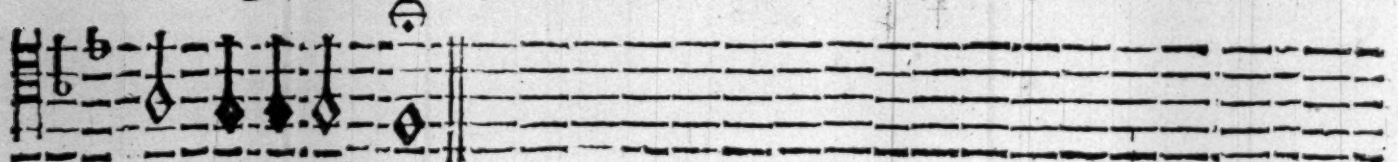
## Rounds or Catches of 3. Voices.



*Argerie* serue well the blacke Sow all in a mistie



Morning, Come to thy dinner Sow come, come, come, or else thou shalt



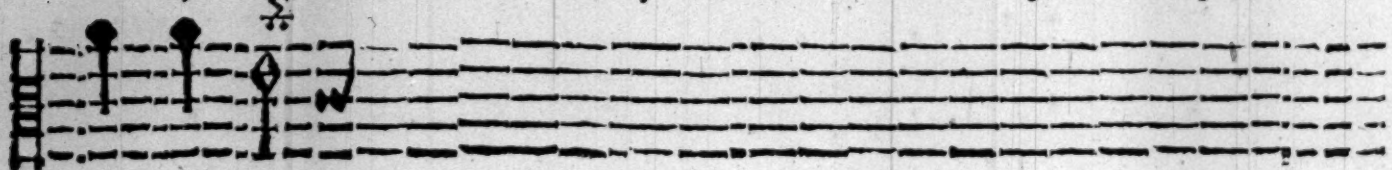
haue neuer a crumme.



Hree blinde Mice, three blinde Mice, Dame *Iulian*, Dame



*Iulian*, the Miller and his merry olde Wife, shee scrapte her tripe licke



thou the knife.

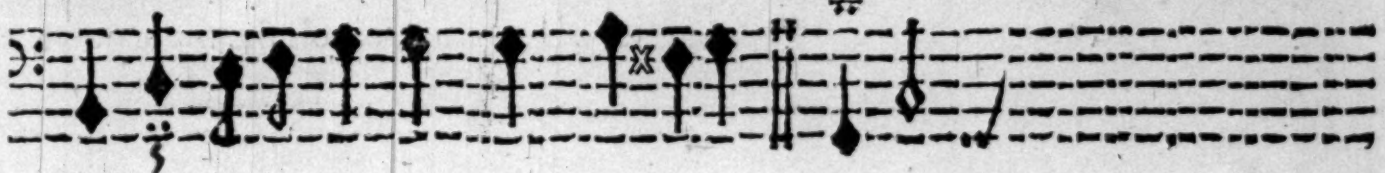


# Rounds or Catches of 3. Voices.

14



He great bells of Oefney they ring, they jing, they ring, they



jing, the Tenor of them goeth mer- rily.

15.



Ault's come downe, mault's come downe from an old Angell



to a French crown, There's neuer a maide in all this towne, but well she knowes



that, mault's come downe, The greatest drunkards in this towne, are very



glad that mault's come downe.

Here endeth the three parts.

D



## Freemens Songs of 4. Voices.

## MEDIVS.

*Artin:*

Fie man, fie,

who's the foole now?



Thou hast well drunken man, who's the foole now?

## TENOR.

*Artin:*

Fie man, fie,

who's the foole now?



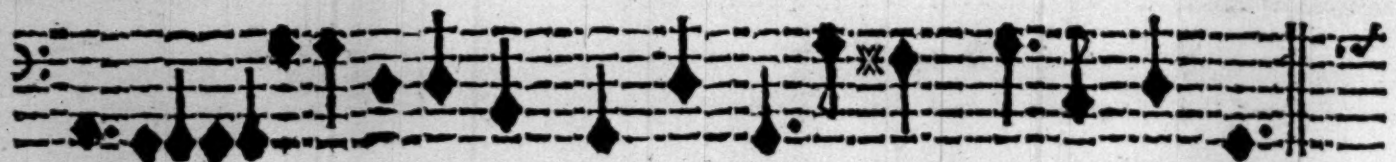
Thou hast wel drunken man, who's the foole now?

## BASSVS.

*Artin:*

Fie man, fie,

who's the foole



now?

Thou hast well drunken man, who's the foole now?



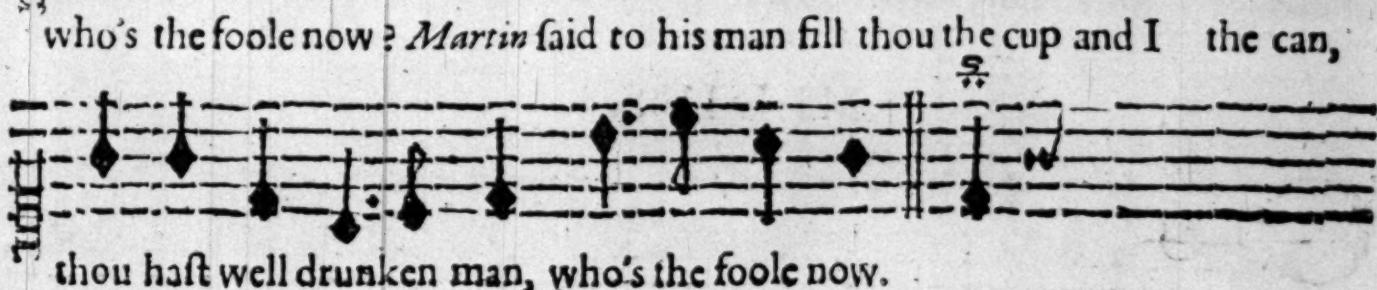
# Freemens Songs of 4. Voices.

77.

16

*The singing part.*

TREBLE.



2 I see a sheepe shering corne,  
Fie man, fie :

I see a sheepe shearing corne,  
Who's the foole now ?

I see a sheepe shearing corne,  
And a couckold blow his horne,  
Thou hast well drunken man,  
Who's the foole now ?

3 I see a man in the Moone,  
Fie man, fie :

I see a man in the Moone,  
Who's the foole now ?

I see a man in the Moone,  
Clowting of Saint Peters shoone,  
Thou hast well, &c.

4 I see a hare chase a hound,  
Fie man, fie :

I see a hare chase a hound,  
who's the foole now ?

I see a hare chase a hound,  
Twenty mile above the ground,  
Thou hast well drunken man,  
Who's the foole now ?

5 I see a goose ring a hog,  
Fie man, fie :

I see a goose ring a hog,  
Who's the foole now ?

I see a goose ring a hog,  
And a snayle that did bite a dog,  
Thou hast well, &c.

6 I see a mouse catch the cat,  
Fie man, fie :

I see a mouse catch the cat,  
Who's the foole now ?

I see a mouse catch the cat,  
And the cheese to eate the rat,  
Thou hast well drunken man,  
Who's the foole now ?



# Freemens Songs of 4. Voices.

## TREBLE



Iue vs once a drinke, for and the black bole, sing gentle Butler



*bal-la moy.* for and the black bole, sing gentle Butler *balla moy.*

For :

## MEDIVS.



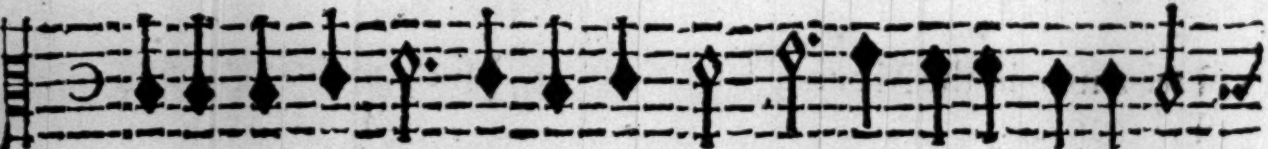
Iue vs once a drinke for and the black bole, sing gentle Butler *balla*



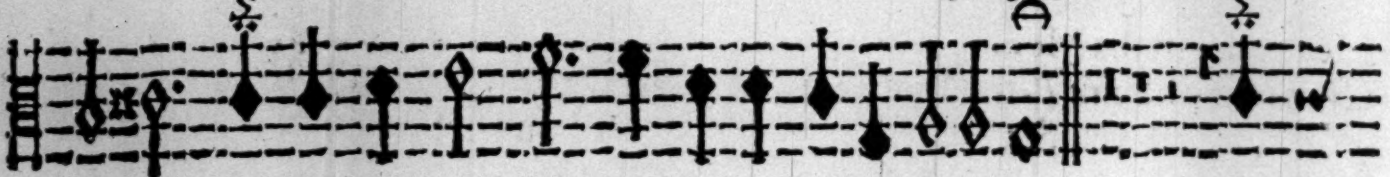
*moy :* For and the black bole, sing gentle Butler *bal-la moy*

For :

## TENOR.



Iue vs once a drinke for and the black bole, sing gentle Butler *bal-*



*la moy:* For and the black bole, sing gentle Butler *balla moy*

For :



# Freemens Songs of 4. Voices.

BASSVS.

79.  
17



Iue vs once a drinke for and the black bole, sing gentle



butler *balla moy*, for & the black bole, sing gentle butler *balla moy*. Giue vs once a



drinke for and the pint pot, sing gentle Butler *balla moy*, the pint pot. For and the

Giue vs once a drinke for and the quart pot,

sing gentle Butler *balla moy*:

The quart pot, the pint pot,

for and the black bole. &c.

Giue vs once a drinke for and the pottle pot,

sing gentle Butler *balla moy*:

The pottle pot, the quart pot, the pint pot,

for and the blacke bole, &c.

Giue vs once a drinke for and the gallon pot,

sing gentle Butler *balla moy*:

The gallon pot, the pottle pot, the quart pot, the pint pot,

for and the blacke bole, &c.

Giue vs once a drinke for and the verkin,

sing gentle Butler *balla moy*:

The verkin, the gallon pot, the pottle pot, the quart pot, the pint pot,

for and the blacke bole, &c.

Giue vs: kilderkin, &c. Giue vs: barrell, &c. Giue vs: hogfhead, &c.

Giue vs: Pipe, &c. Giue vs: Butt, &c. Giue vs: the Tunne, &c.

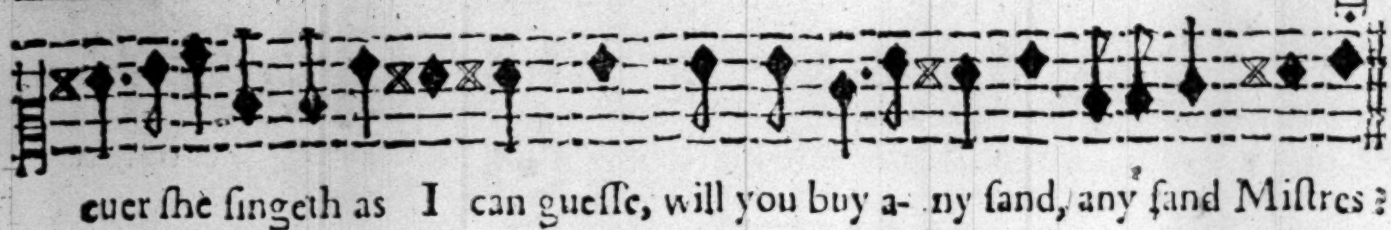


## Freemens Songs of 4. Voices.

## MEDIVS.



Ho liueth so merry, &c. *Chorus. And*



euer she singeth as I can guesse, will you buy a- ny sand, any sand Mistres?

## TENOR.



Ho liueth? *Chorus. And euer she*



singeth as I can guesse, will ye buy any sand, any sand Mi- stresse?

## BASSVS



Ho liueth? *Chorus. And euer she*



singeth as I can guesse, will ye buy any sand, any sand Mistresse?



# Freemens Songs of 4. Voices.

18

The singing part.

TREBLE.

Verse.

W



Ho liueth so merry in all this land, as doth the poore



widdow that selleth the sand? And euer shee singeth as I can guesse,



will you buy any sand, any sand Mistris?

Ver. 2 The Broom-man maketh his liuing most sweet,  
with carrying of broomes from street to street:

Cho. Who would desire a pleasanter thing,  
then all the day long to doe nothing but sing

Ver. 3 The Chimney-sweeper all the long day,  
he singeth and sweepeth the soote away:

Ch. Yet when he comes home although he be weary,  
with his sweet wife he maketh full merry.

Ver. 4 The Cobbler he sits cobbling till noone,  
and cobbleth his shooes till they be done?

Cho. Yet doth he not feare, and so doth say,  
for he knows his worke will soone decay.

Ver. 5 The Marchant man doth saile on the seas,  
and lye on the ship-board with little ease:

Cho. Alwayes in doubt the rocke is neare,  
how can he be merry and make good cheare?

Ver. 6 The Husband-man all day goeth to plow,  
and when he comes home he serueth his sowe:

Cho. He moyleth and toyleth all the long yeare,  
how can he be merry and make good cheare?

Ver. 7 The Seruingman waiteth fro street to street,  
with blowing his nailes and beating his feet.:

Cho. And serueth for forty shillings a yeare,  
that tis impossible to make good cheare.

8 Who liueth so merry and maketh such sport,  
as those that be of thy poorest sort?

Cho. The poorest sort wherefocuer they be,  
they gather together by one, two, and three.

Bis. 9 And euery man will spend his penny,  
what makes such a shot among a great many?

FINIS.



## Freemens Songs of 4. Voices.

TREBLE.



Y a banke as I lay, lay, lay, lay, lay, Musing on a thing that



was past and gone hey ho, In the merry month of May, O some what before



the day, Me thought I heard at the last, the last, the last. O the :

MEDIVS.



Y a banke as I lay, :||: lay, Musing on a thing that



was past and gone hey ho, In the merry month of May, O some what before



the day, Me thought I heard at the last, the last, the last. O the :



# Freemens Songs of 4. Voices.

## TENOR.

19



Y a banck as I lay, lay, lay, lay, lay, musing on a thing that was



past and gone, hey ho, In the merry month of May, O some what before the



day, Me thought I heard at the last, the last, the last. O the :

## BASSVS.



Y a bancke as I lay, lay, lay, lay, lay, lay, musing on a thing that



was past and gone, hey ho, In the merry month of May, O some what before



the day, Me thought I heard at the last, the last, the last. O the :

z O the gentle Nightingale, :||:  
the Lady and mistres of all Musicke,  
She sits downe euer in the dale,  
singing with her notes small,  
Quauering their wonderfull thicke. :||:

O for Joy my spirits were quicke,  
to heare the sweet Bird how merely she  
And said good Lord defend, (could sing,  
England with thy most holy hand,  
And saue Noble *James* our King.



## Freemens Songs of 4. Voices.

*The singing part.*

TREBLE.



O morrow the Fox will come to towne, keep, keep, keep, keep, keepe :



To morrow the fox vwill come to towne, O keep you all wel there, I must desire



you neighbors all, to hallow the fox out of the hall, and cry as loud as you can call,



hoope, &amp;c.

and cry as loud as you can cal, O keepe you all well there.

2 Hee'l steale the Cock out from his flock,  
keepe, keepe, keepe, keepe, keepe :Hee'l steale the Cock euen from his flock,  
O keepe you all well there.  
I must desire you, &c.4 Hee'l steal the Duck out of the brook  
keepe, keepe, keepe, keepe, keepe :Hee'l steale the Duck out of the brook,  
O keepe we all well there.  
I must, &c.3 Hee'l steale the Hen out of the pen,  
keepe, keepe, keepe, keepe, keepe.Hee'l steale the Hen out of the pen,  
O keepe you all well there.  
I must desire, &c.5 Hee'l steal the lamb euen from his dam,  
keepe, keepe, keepe, keepe, keepe.Hee'l steal the Lamb euen from his dam,  
O keepe we all well there.  
I must, &c.

MEDIVS.



O morrow :

keepe, keepe, keepe, keepe, keepe,



O keep you all well there,



# Freemens Songs of 4. Voices.

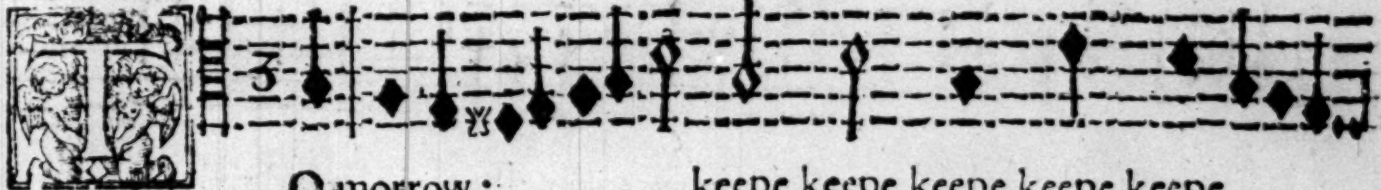
20



whoop,whoop,:||:

O keep we all well there.

## TENOR.

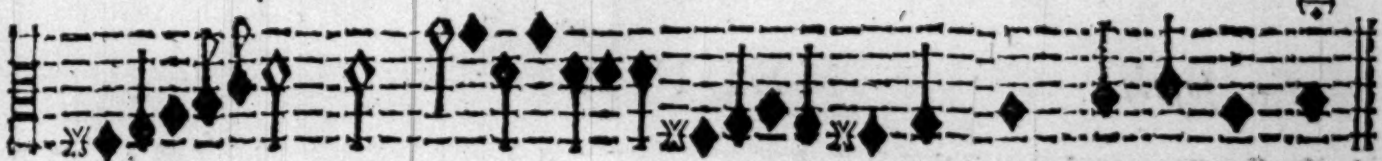


O morrow :

keepe,keepe,keepe,keepe,keepe,



O keep we all well there,



whoop,&c.

O keepe you all well there.

## BASSVS.



O morrow :

keepe,keepe,keepe,keepe,keepe,



O keepe we all vvell there,

whoop,vwhoop,



vwhoop,vwhoop,vwhoop,

O keepe you all vvell there.

E 2



## Freemens Songs of 4. Voices.

*Sing softly.*

TREBLE.



Illy, hey trolly :

*Chorus.*

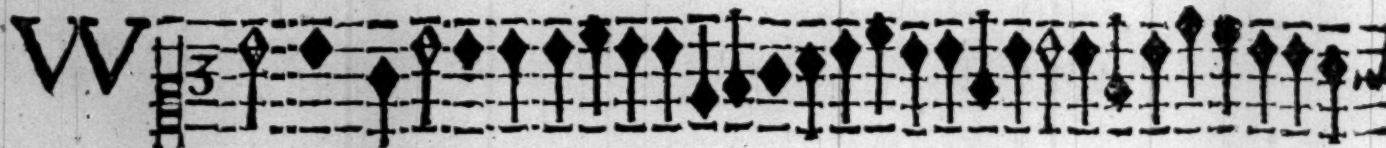
hey trolly, :||: lo ly ly, lolyly :||:



hey ho tro lo lo ly ly ly lo.

*Sing softly.*

MEDIVS.



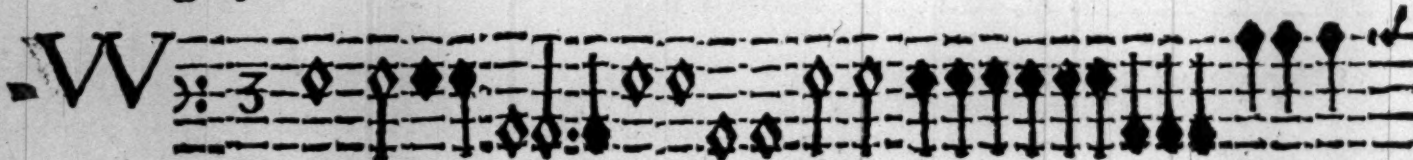
Illy: hey ho, tro loly lo ly lo, :||:

*Chorus.*

hey ho troly :||: lolyly, lolyly :||: hey ho tro loly lolyly lo.

*Sing softly.*

BASSVS.



Illy : hey trolly lo,

*Chorus.*

hey trolly :||:

trolly ly,

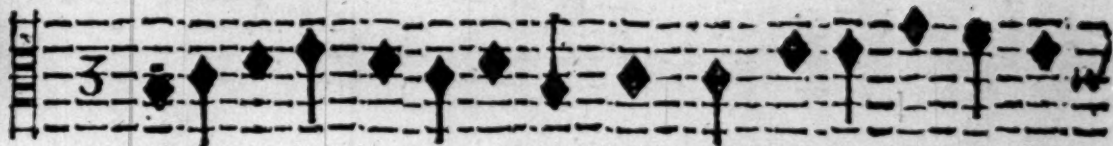


lo ly ly lo, hey. :||:



## Freemens Songs of 4. Voices.

21

*The singing part.* TENOR.

Illy prethe goe to bed, for thou wilt haue a drowfie head,



To morrow we must a hunting, and betimes be stirring, With a hey trolly



loly, loly, loly, &amp;c.

hey ho tro lo lo lo ly ly lo.

2 It is like to be sayre weather,  
couple vp all thy hounds together:  
Couple Iolly with little Iolly,  
couple Trole with old Trolly.  
With a hey tro ly lo lo ly,  
tro ly lo ly lo.

3 Couple Finch with black Trole,  
couple Chaunter with Iumbole:  
Let beauty goe at liberty,  
for she doth know her duty.  
With a hey, &c.

4 Let Merry goe loose it makes no matter,  
for Cleanly sometimes she will clatter,  
And yet I am sure she will not stray,  
but keepe with vs still, all the day.  
With a hey, &c.

5 With O masters and wot you where,  
this other day I start a Hare?  
On what call hill vpon the knole,  
and there she started before Trole.  
With a hey, &c.

6 And downe she went the common dale,  
with all the hounds at her taile:  
With yeaße a yaffe, yeaße a yaffe,  
hey Trol, hey Chaunter, hey Iumbole,  
With a hey, &c.

7 See how Chooper chopps it in,  
and so doth Gallant now begin:  
Looke how Trol begins to tattle,  
tarry a while yee shall heare him prattle.  
With a hey, &c.

8 For Beauty begins to wag her tayle,  
of Cleanlies helpe we shall not faile:  
And Chaunter opens very well:  
but Merry she doth beare the bell.  
With a hey, &c.

9. Goe prick the path, and downe the laune,  
she vseth still her old traine:  
She is gone to what call wood,  
Where we are like to doe no good.  
With hey tro ly lo ly lo,  
tro ly lo &c.



# Freemens Songs of 4. Voices.

## MEDIVS.



Onder comes :



*Chorus.*

Then she sang downe a



downe, hey derry downe derry, ||:

## TENOR.



Onder comes :



*Chorus.*

Then she sang downe a



downe, hey downe derry downe. then she, &c.

## BASSVS.



Onder comes :



Then she sang down a down, hey derry downe derry then she &c.

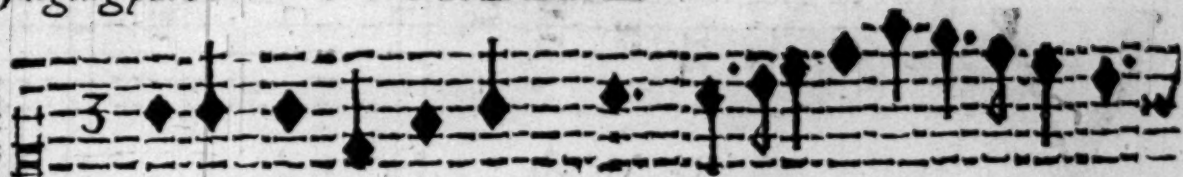


# Freemens Songs of 4. Voices.

22

*The singing part.*

TREBLE.



Onder comes a courteous Knight, Lustely raking over the lay,



He was well ware of a bonny lass, as she came wandring over the way, Then



she sang downe a downe, hey downe der-ry, then she, &c.

2 Ioue you speed fayre Lady, he said,  
among the leaues that be so greene :  
If I were a king and wore a Crowne,  
full soone faire Lady shouldst thou be a queen.  
Then she sang, downe, &c.

3 Also Ioue faue you faire Lady;  
among the Roses that be so red :  
If I haue not my will of you,  
full soone faire Lady shall I be dead.  
Then she sang, &c.

4 Then he lookt East, then hee lookt West,  
hee lookt North, so did he South :  
He could not finde a priuy place,  
for all lay in the Diuels mouth.  
Then she sang, &c.

5 If you will carry me gentle sir,  
a mayde vnto my fathers hall :  
Then you shall haue your will of me,  
vnder purple and vnder paule,  
Then she sang, &c.

6 He set her vp vpon a Steed,  
and himselfe vpon another :  
And all the day he rode her by,  
as though they had beene sister and brother.  
Then she sang, &c.

7 When she came to her fathers hall,  
it was well walled round about :  
She yode in at the wicket gate,  
and shut the foure ear'd foole without.  
Then she sang, &c.

8 You had me (quoth she) abroad in the field,  
among the corne amidst the hay :  
Where you might had your will of mee,  
for, in good faith sir, I neuer said nay.  
Then she sang, &c.

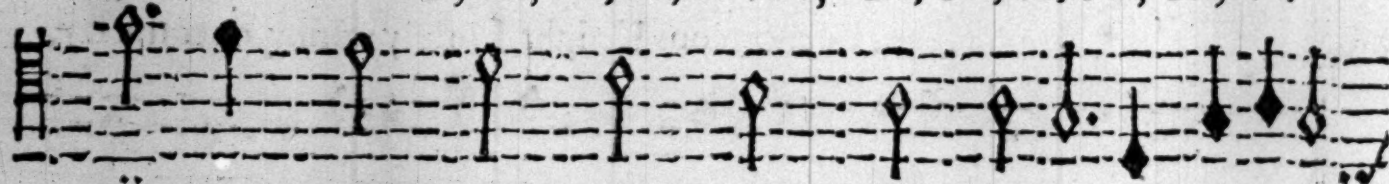
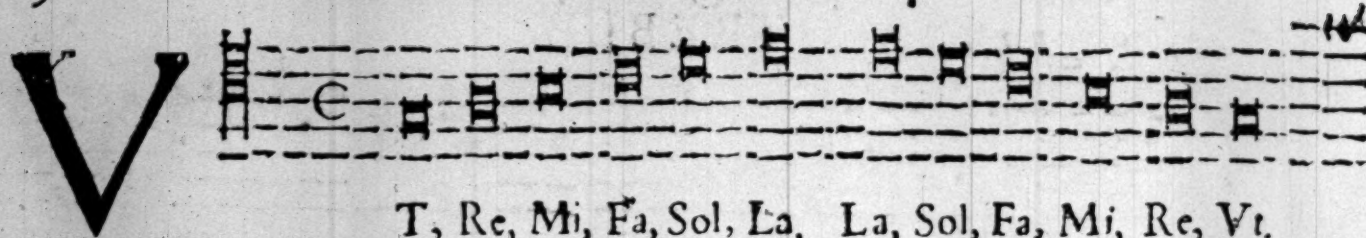
9 Ye had me also amid the field,  
among the rushes that were so browne :  
Where you might had your will of me,  
but you had not the face to lay me downe.  
Then she sang, &c.

10 He pulled out his nut-browne sword,  
and wipt the rust off with his sleue :  
And said; Ioues curse come to his heart,  
that any woman would beleuee.  
Then she sang, &c.

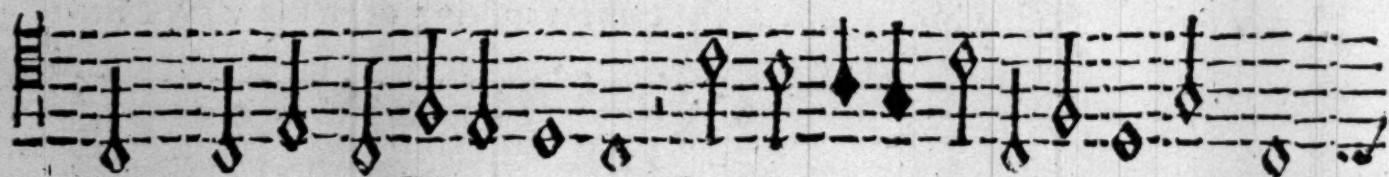
11 When you haue your owne true loue,  
a mile or twaine out of the towne,  
Spare not for her gay clothing,  
but lay her body flat on the ground.  
Then she sang, &c.



## Rounds or Catches of 4. Voices.



Hey downe, downe, downe, downe, downe, downe, Farewell my hart of



golde, Farewell my Pigs nye, Farewell the flower of all the world,



The like may no man see, may no man see, Hey downe, downe, downe, downe,



downe, &c.



downe, downe, &c.

downe, downe, &c.

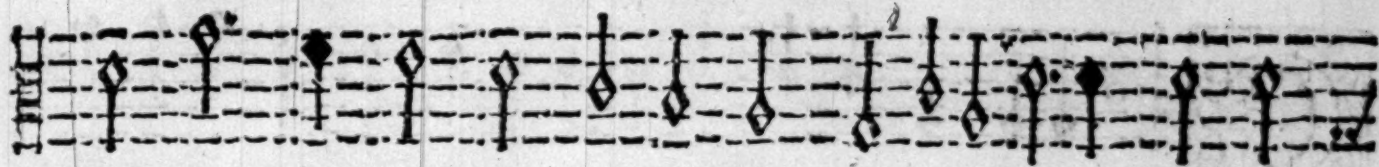


Her lips they were as soft as a ny filke, Her breath as sweet as spice,

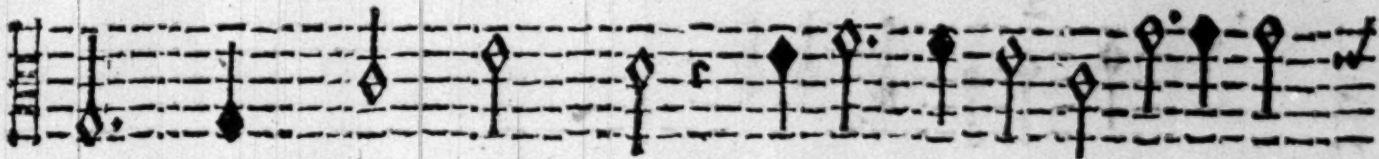


## Rounds or Catches of 4. Voices.

23



Her legges, her thighes as vvhite as Milke, Shee is a Bird of price. Hey



downe, downe, downe, downe, downe, Adevv, Farewell my pretty Nell,



Thou bearest the Bell, But you doe vvell, If you not tell vvhether I doe dwell,



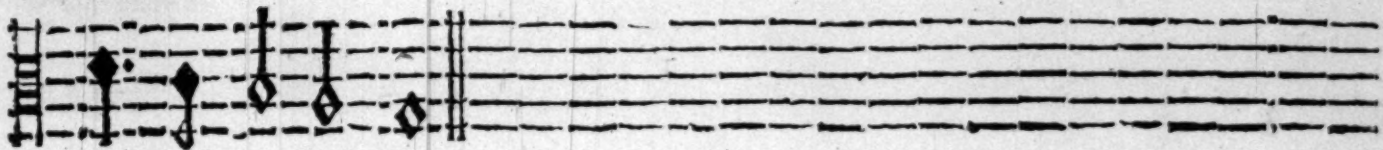
And so farewell.

Vt, Re, Mi, &c.

24



My loue, lou'st thou mee? then quickly come and saue



him that dyes for thee.



## Rounds or Catches of 4. Voices.



O to Ioane Glouer, and tell her I loue her, and at the mid



of the Moone I will come to her.



He maide shee went a milking, all in a misty morning,



downe fell her milking pale, vp went her diddle diddle taylor.



# Rounds or Catches of 4. Voices.

27

93.

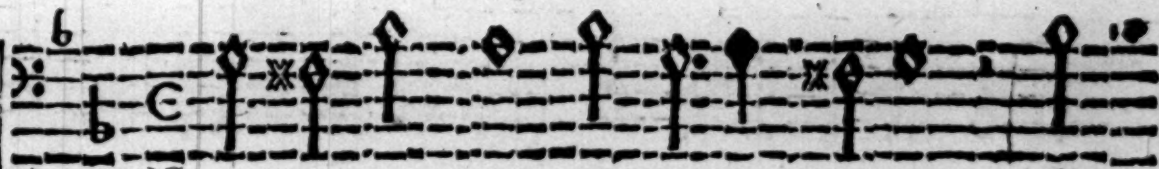


C V B A K, and euermore will be, though

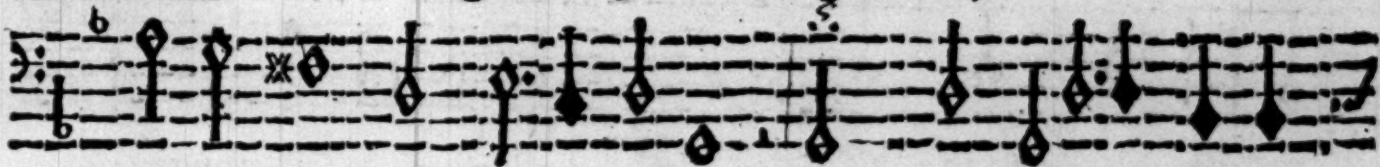


John Cooke he saith nay, O what a knaue is he ?

28



Ing with thy mouth, sing with thy heart like



faithfull friends, sing loath to depart, though friends together may not



alwayes remaine, yet loath to depart sing once againe.



## Rounds or Catches of 4. Voices.



Y hills and dales shee roade, shee roade, and followed still



the game, Shee roade so fast, that downe, that downe shee fell, And then



appear'd her shame, Hey downe, downe, downe, downe, downe, downe in



a May morning betimes, :||:

I heard an old swod



say to a young Drabbe this geare is thine and mine. Thorough the



woods. :||:

This Trull full swiftly springs, with a merry note

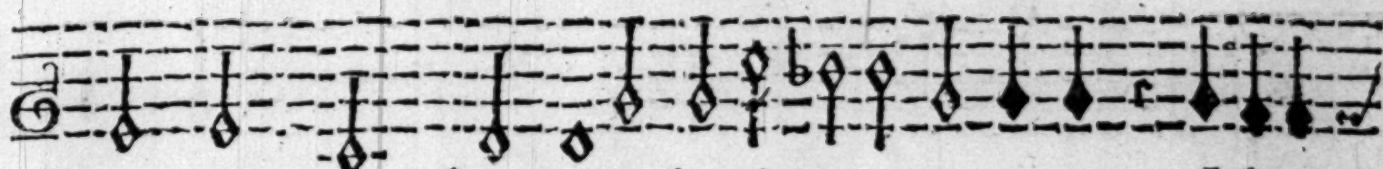


chaunting, where a Knaue was haunting, and so lost her aperne-strings,



# Rounds or Catches of 4. Voices.

29 95.



Hey downe, downe, downe derry, hey, &c.

It is a

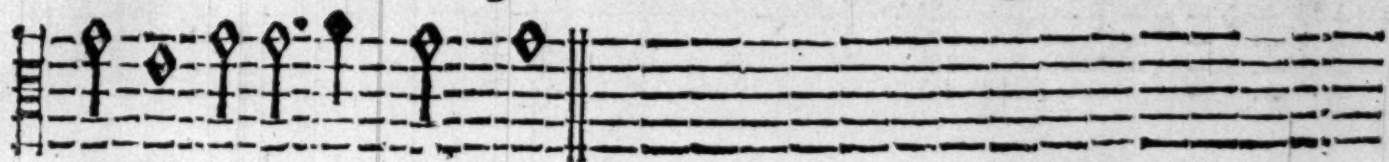


light hart and a heauie purse which makes a man so merry.

30



He Pigion is neuer wvove, till abenting she goe, with heaue



and hoe, so let the winde blow.

F 3



## Rounds or Catches of 4. Voices.



Ey downe, a downe, a downe, sing you three after me, and

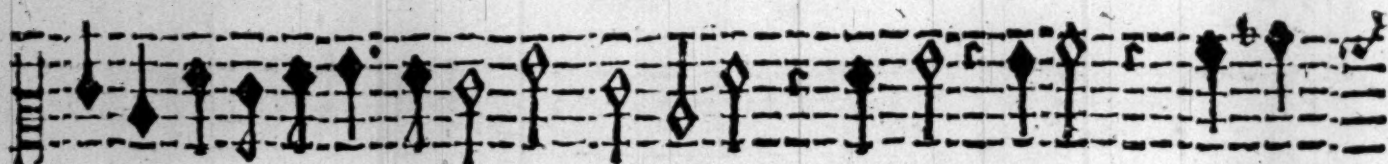


follow me my lads, :||:

and we will merry be. Fa la la la la.



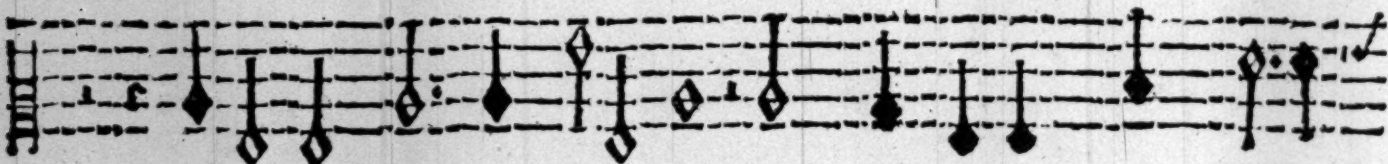
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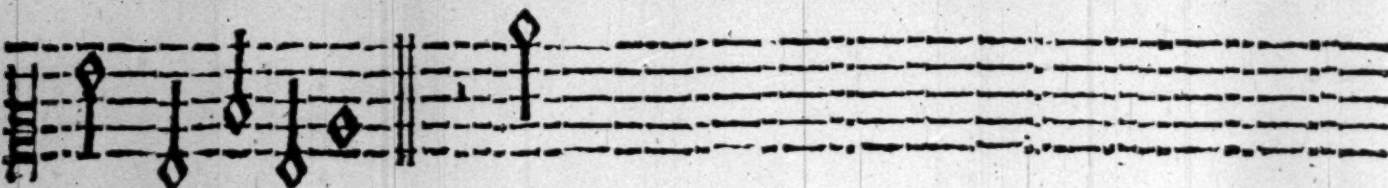
Well sung before hold fast, :||: :||:



hold fast be time, take heed, :||: you misse not nor breake the time, nor :||:



For it thou misse the base a note, ther's nea're a man, ther's nea're a



man can sing a jot.

FINIS.



